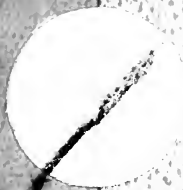


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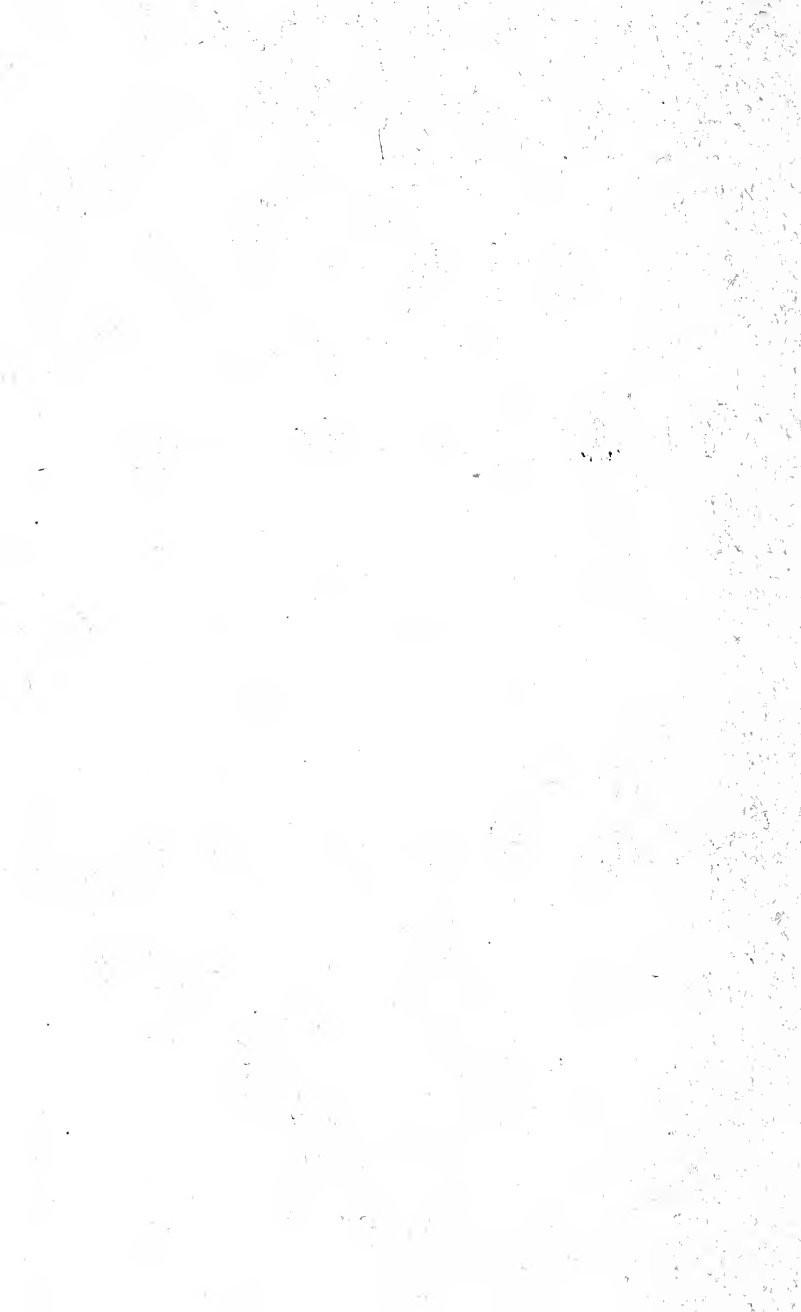




YE COURTSHYPPE

OF

MYLES STAUNDYSHE,



YE COURTSHPPE

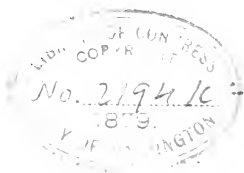
OF

MYLES STAUNDYSHE.

34

A BURLESQUE

IN FOUR ACTS.



PRESS OF H. C. STOOOTHOFF, 72 JOHN STREET.

NEW YORK.

1879

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MILES STANDISH,
JOHN ALDEN,
HOBOMOK,
PRISCILLA,
MRS. ALDEN,

MRS. MULLEN,
PIETY,
LONGSUFFERING,
PERSEVERANCE,
SOBRIETY.

} Puritan Maidens.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MILES STANDISH'S ROOM *with two ground windows at back.*

March sounds. Curtain rises.

Enter R., MRS. ALDEN, JOHN, HOBOMOK, two PUR. MAIDS.

Enter L., MRS. MULLEN, PRISCILLA, MILES, two PUR. MAIDS.

March, etc. Music changes.

Mrs. M. (1) Now fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts,
And listeners, great and small,
Since you have all assembled in } *Repeat.*
This gay and festive hall :

Miles. (2) We will rehearse, in dogg'rel verse,
And voices far from mellow,
The Courtship of Miles Standish which } *Repeat.*
Was written by Longfellow.

Chorus.—Then softly, softly, we'll away,
No longer in this den delay,
This is the great Miles Standish room,
Whose voice is like the crack of doom ;
And if we get him mad he'll lurch
That howitzer off the Puritan Church,
Will bluster round, call out his man,
And spoil all our fun !

Hob. (3) Of course, you all will mildly criticise,
For what can mortals do,
When made to write a new burlesque } *Repeat.*
Within a week or two ?

Pris. (4) And bear in mind, if you shall find
A borrowed joke or pun,
Bill Shaksperesays there's naught orig- } *Repeat.*
inal beneath the sun.

CHORUS.

March, etc. Exeunt all but MILES and JOHN. MILES seats himself at R. and reads half aloud ; JOHN ditto at L. and writes with a scratchy pen.

Large mosquito descends buzzing—flies alternately towards MILES and JOHN.

Miles. For Heaven's sake stop that infernal clatter!
Of all the deafening noises——

John. What's the matter?
Can't you stop nagging, Miles? it aint polite
To start that buzzing every time I write
To England. Time is short.

Miles. And where's *your* breeding,
To interrupt me when you see I'm reading,
By humming as you write,——

John. It's mighty queer
If you can keep up dinning in my ear
At pleasure ;—but if I attempt——

Miles. I swear
I'll not endure it longer, I—I——

Both. THERE! (*Pointing at mosquito.*)

SONG—Air “Shoo Fly!”

John. I thought, I thought. I thought, } (*Twice.*)
I thought it was a Jer—
A Jer-sey mosquito. (*Thrice.*)
And that is why I trembled so.

Miles (to audience).
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps, } (*Twice.*)
Perhaps you have never heard }
About that ravenous brood (*Thrice.*)
And how they live on human food!

Both. If they, if they, if they, } (*Twice.*)
If they should ever try }
To live in Plymouth Bay (*Thrice.*)
We'll pack for England right away!

Miles. To England—no!—another land awaits
Our wanderings,—*the Island of the States,
Or Staten Island ; founded as you know
By Amsterdammers centuries ago.

John. What tho' they have no bridge to span the Kills ;
What tho' the *South Shore* people *do* have chills ;

Miles. What tho' there is, as yet, no water power,
And horse cars never run but once an hour ;

John. What tho' the ferry agent sometimes wont
Do right, and will put on the *Thomas Hunt* ;

Miles. Though cisterns now and then run low and dry,
Just when their taxes run inversely high !

John. What then,—have they not gas, and gas *bills*, too ?
Do they not archery ?—of course, they do ;

Miles. Have they not boats, and contests at the oar,
And games athletic, with the “ tug of war ? ”

John. Have they not once a year a bang-up ball,
And ten cent concerts in this very hall ?

Miles. Have they not straw rides, sleigh rides, coach
rides,—whew !

A dancing class—and one for babies too ?

John. Have they not Sunday strolls across the Dyke,
The Terrace, Silver Lake, and Captain Ike ?

Miles. Have they not——

John. Oh, we mustn't stand here bickering,
Just sing that song of yours ;

Miles. Oh, for a Chickering !

John. This one will do.

Miles. All right, then ; if you please,

Miss —— (*looking towards pianist.*)

John. Sh! stop calling names.

Miles. Just touch the keys!

John. Pray, start a tune——

Miles. I really don't care much

What it may be—but don't forget the touch !

* The following allusions are local, and are retained merely to preserve continuity.

SONG.

My name is Miles Standish, a veteran in arms ;
 I free these good people from all their alarms :
 I muster my band of a dozen true men,
 And flourish my broadsword as you do your pen.

CHO.—Fi fo fum, my sword I brandish, }
 I'm the original Captain Standish. } *Twice.*

Although I delight in the science of war,
 A maiden there is who delighteth me more :
 But as I'm unable at present to do
 My courting I think I'll entrust it to you.

CHO.

Away to Priscilla, away, through the door !
 You know where she lives for you've called there
 before :

Approach as she stands by the wringer a-frilling,
 And whisper persuasively : “ Standish is willing.”

CHO.

John. Ah, Standish, that's the true poetic fire ;
 You've proved a greater than the Lesbian lyre
 Of yore. (*Aside.*) That's blarney, but this snarling cur
 Is apt to bite unless I smooth his fur.
 (*Aloud*) Now, Miles, if you would use my head and feet
 To make proposals to this lady sweet,
 What best were done, 'twere well 'twere quickly done.
 Give me your last commands:—the sport's begun.

Miles. Here are some flowers, lad (*handing them*), they're
 fit to serve

As messengers to Juno or Minerve :
 They speak of love in fitter words by far
 Than I could choose, who am a man of war.

John. Yes, man-of war, retiring from the fight
 With nothing but *top-gallant* sails in sight !
 I'm off, and then we'll see if I can't prove
 That I'm the best top-gallant for his love ! (*Exit JOHN.*)

SCENE II.

Miles (alone). Go to! farewell. But though thou art afar,
 I lead thee by the nose as asses are.
 Credulous boy, that through a veil so thin
 He could not see my purpose ; how, through him,
 I flatter my ambition, rise to fame
 And make the fair Priscilla change her name.
 In doing this, alas, he little dreams
 That he is busting up his mother's schemes.
 In double knavery—hm ! hm !—let's see ;—
 A double purpose shall he serve for me.
 Miles Standish then secures the choicest prize
 That ever yet was viewed by mortal eyes.
 Oh, smooth dissimulator, skilled in grace,—
 A mighty fortune and a pretty face,—
 Such your rewards : while by this self-same blow
 His love-sick mother must my charms forego.
 For they are such,—unfathomable plight,—
 That the descending shadows of the night
 Find her, alas, with many other crones,
 Beneath my window, playing on the bones.
 Oh, happiness supreme! 'tis not for long
 I'll hear her doleful version of a song.

(*Sounds of distant music made by combs and tissue paper gradually grow louder.*)

Behold, she comes! conceive it if you can,
 How trying this is for a bashful man!

(*Two heads bob up at windows at back of stage.*)

Bless me, there's two! I really do not wonder
 I took it for the sound of distant thunder.
 But stop! I know that melancholy tone
 Eliza Alden marks me for her own.

Misguided love! 'tis sad to hear her chant.

(*Music.*)

I can't stand this, upon my soul I can't.

Oh, tragic fate! I think it must be sad
 To lose what little brains you ever had.

Thus do they triumph o'er the rights of man.

But stop! I think I have a little plan.
 Noble Iago, let thy genius burn :
 I'll both deceive ; with each I'll flirt in turn.
 Thus shall the Captain in his pleasant way,
 Beguile the hours of a lazy day.

(*Seats himself. Windows are slowly pushed open.*)

AIR : “ *En passant sous la fenetre.* ”

Mrs. M. (*at right.*) The evening dewes are falling,
 The stars begin to shine ;

Mrs. A. (*at left.*) The voice of love is calling
 To thee, for thou art mine.

Mrs. M. Oh, wake and answer me, loved one dear,

Mrs. A. Oh, sleep and dream of me hovering near.

--(*Interlude on combs.*)

Miles. Oh, mother Venus, queen of love on high,
 Stuff up my ears with wool, or let me die :
 Shadows of dumbness on *their* (*looking to windows*) lips
 descend.

Oh! will this caterwauling never end. (*Drops in chair.*)

Mrs. M. (*head appearing.*) I fear thy life is lonely ;

Miles. (*at R. window.*) Save but when *thou* art nigh ;

Mrs. A. (*head appearing.*) Oh, say thou lovest me only ;

Miles. (*at L. window.*) For thee I'd live and die ;

Mrs. M. I long to enter.

Miles. Oh, have no fear.

Mrs. A. I dare not venture.

Miles. Behold me near !

Both enter cautiously ; MILES, placing himself between them, takes the hand of each and leads them to front of stage, and then, joining their hands, quickly retires ; they turn slowly and seeing each other start back in surprise

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

FOREST.—HOBOMOK *enters stealthily, examines front mysteriously, then comes forward and laughs.*

Hob. Hobomok now will undertake the task
Of trying to explain, before you ask,
The cause of all this mystery and mirth :
And if he fails to make it clear through dearth
Of words familiar to the white man's ear,
Excuse mistakes and be not too severe.
John and Miles Standish love the maid Priscil ;
(That magic name ! sit still, my heart, sit still !)
I love her too, and Indian-like will take
Great care and Inji-un-u-ity to make
A wondrous woe and mischief 'twixt the two,
And carry off the maiden ! wouldn't you ? *(Laughs.)*

SONG.—Air "Power of Gold,"

I am Hobomok, friend of the white man, friend of the
maiden of Puritan fame.

Many a foe will I slay to defend her,—white man or red
will I scalp quite the same

Sit still, my heart ! sit still, my heart ! sit still !

With Priscilla for a mate, ha ! ha !

Hobomok can challenge fate, ha ! ha !

Pleasant is the plunder, the plunder of war,

Merry is the sound of war, ha ! ha !

Maiden of Plymouth so tender and coy, let us depart, to
the wilderness fly ;

Then in the wilds of the forest primeval, Standish and John
we can safely defy.

Sit still, my heart ! sit still, my heart ! sit still !

With Priscilla for a mate, ha! ha!
 Hobomok can challenge fate, ha! ha!
 Pleasant is the plunder, the plunder of war;
 Merry are the sounds of war, ha! ha!

Footsteps. Listens. Pantomime. Hides behind small fir tree.

Enter JOHN blowing a toy whistle. Looks about. Sighs.

John (sings.) Oh, cheat your neighbor all you can,
 He'll do the same by you,
 And I'm the cove to marry my love,
 And paddle my own canoe!

You bet—they always do it so in our set.
 Up there upon the top of yonder hill
 Lives, with her widowed ma, the maid Priscil :
 Maid that is made for *me*, and not for *Miles*,
 Altho' the same has sent me by my wiles
 To carry her for *Miles* away ; but I
 Am not that very verdant sort of fly.
 The captain thinks I'd bark and would not bite,
 But he don't know me when beyond his sight ;
 And when he thinks that I'm his suit pursuing
 I'll change the trump, do for myself the wooing.
 My knave shall beat his king with Cupid's darts ;
 His trump is clubs but my trump shall be hearts.
 She *shall* be mine ; I swear it ! I'm a man
 Who say a thing and *do* it—if I can.
 But wherefore all this fuss ? Am I not Johnny
 Who many a time and oft have spent my money,
 And called for *pretzel* and *zwei lager* up at Silver Lake ?
 (*Aside.*) It's Mayer & Bachmann's beer I always take.
 You watch me euchre this fine Captain Brag ;
 I'll have this girl and find him such a hag,
 He'll long to hie him to some foreign nunnery,
 And live alone without a wife, *no-none-nary*.

SONG.

To the lovely Priscilla by Miles I am sent,
 Viva la Puritan maid!
 To win her for him by my own blandishment,
 Viva la Puritan maid!
 But, oh! it's so lonely to live all alone,
 To live without loving through life's monotone,
 I think I will marry her all for my own,
 My own little Puritan maid.

She's young and she's neat, so blithe and so sweet,
 Viva la Puritan maid!
 She can stand on her ear, and alight on her feet,
 Viva la Puritan maid!
 She can clear a gate lightly, or vault a rail fence,
 Knock over a rabbit two hundred yards hence,
 Or conjugate "*amo*" throughout every tense,
 Viva la Puritan maid.

To make her more willing I'll play her a tune,
 Viva la Puritan maid!
 And join my sweet voice to that of the moon,
 Viva la Puritan maid!
 I'll sing and I'll dance in a manner so gay,
 That she'll never refuse me the quest of my lay,
 But will lay down her hand and so playfully say,
 I'm your own little Puritan maid!

(Goes off quickly while singing last line.)

(MRS. ALDEN comes on cautiously at R., carrying umbrella and carpet bag filled with articles mentioned below ; looks up and down.)

Mrs. A. Nobody in sight, the coast is clear ;
 Oh, if I haven't struggled to get here
 Before Jemima Mullen ! *(Lets bag fall.)* When I marry
 Miles, he will always have that bag to carry,
 I'm glad to say : I am all out of breath,
 But, even if it cause my very death,

It is my solemn duty to warn Miles
 To guard himself against Jemima's wiles.
 (*Takes out letter.*) Why, bless me! there! I've gone and
 left my specs

At home (*rummages*) no! yes! now that's enough to vex
 A saint: besides I know before I'm back
 That wily creature will be on my track.

(*Exit at R. as MRS. MULLEN enters at L*)

Mrs. M. She thought she'd get ahead of me, but no
 Sly *Mrs. Alden*, you don't blind me so!
 (*Reads letter.*) "A raging toothache; had to stay in bed;
 Wouldn't I come and sit with her instead?"
 (*Tears letter.*) If there's a humbug underneath the sun
 Then Mary Ann Eliza Alden's one!

(*Enter MRS. A., reading aloud from long roll of paper.*)

Mrs. A. "Avoid Jemima, I alone am true,
 The widow Mullen's not the one for you;
 I love but one alone, and you are he, (*suddenly sees MRS. M.*)
 —My gracious goodness, did I ever see
 Such impudence! a-coming after me
 And snooping round to hear what I shall say
 To master Miles! shoo! get out of my way!

Mrs. M. Your way, indeed! upon my word you're cool;
 Apparently you take me for a fool!
 Look at your letter, madam, torn in scraps!
 After the penwipers and smoking caps
 I've manufactured for that blessed man,
 Just try and stop my coming if you can! (*Turns on heel.*)

Mrs. A. (*waving hands.*) We'll choose another subject.
 Here comes John!

(*Enter JOHN saunteringly; sees mothers.*)

John. I'm burning with impatience to be gone.

Mrs. A. We'll not detain you: a few trifles, dear,
 For you to take to master Miles to cheer
 His solitude; for, when he's miles away,

These slippers may remind him of a day
When *one* fond heart——

Mrs. M. Pooh! *they're* a deal too large!
And can't be altered without extra charge;
'Twould break his heart to have to pay a penny
For slippers, when he now has got so many:
I've worked five pair; (*to JOHN*) just drop those in the street,
And take him mine; the pattern is so sweet,
And so——

John. I'll put his little shoes away,
And make him wear these slippers every day;
Especially on muddy days and rainy,
Just for economy,—he has so many!

Mrs. A. And take him this (*unfolds bandanna*) and tell
him love is true:
It's second-hand but quite as good as new.

Mrs. M. (inquisitively.) Love or the handkerchief?

Mrs. A. Who spoke to you?
He'll need this wrapper in this desert drear,
To breakfast in :—it makes me drop a tear!

John. It makes me want to drop this horrid trash,—
They'll take me for a Jew, "old clo's for cash!"

(*They load him more.*) Hold on, for Heaven's sake! I've
got enough

To carry now,—I *can't* take all this stuff!

Mrs. A. I see you, ma'am; be good enough to stop it;
Stuffing those *tracks* into that wrapper pocket!

Mrs. M. If you'd make *tracks* for home you'd be a wiser
And better woman, Mary Ann Eliza!

John. Go it! the sooner I get off the better!

Mrs. M. You needn't think I didn't see that letter
That you put in with such prodigious care.
I shouldn't think, Eliza, you would dare——

Mrs. A. To think a woman of your age, a mother,
Could tell such fibs: oh, I shall surely smother! (*Fans.*)

John. I'll leave the two Kilkennys squabbling here,
And take this opportunity to clear!

Quite a nice outfit (*views himself*) I have now secured ;
 Altho', I must say, I should have preferred
 A forty dollar Ulster ! still a bird

In hand is worth a dozen in the——

(*Exit.*)

Mrs. A.

John !

Don't tell me that that wretched boy is gone !
 He might have waited just another minute ;
 Look at that bag ; he hasn't *half* that's in it !

Mrs. M. What, gone ! and I had so much more to send
 To master Miles ; he is my only friend. (*Sighs.*)
 Two lone lorn women in the world we'd be --
 Me and Priscilla,—were it not for he !

Mrs. A. Fiddle ! more likely he's the only string
 Your bow has got, ridiculous old thing !
 Well, something we must do ; what shall it be ?
 A song ? What is there you can sing with me ? (*Both*
pause and ruminat.)

We might try "There's a man in our town :"

Mrs. A. But your voice is so queer ; when I go *down*,
 Then you go *up* ; when I go *up* again,
 You're singing bass like half a dozen men.

Mrs. M. I know your voice is very cracked and high,
 But I'll sing alto loud,—we can but try.

(*Each holds sheet of music ; they begin ; MRS. M. sings false*
until interrupted.)

Mrs. A. There, now you're off again ! you're always wrong.
 I think we'll have to try some other song.

Mrs. M. I'm doing beautifully ! come along !

SONG.—Air "There was a Man," etc.

Both. There is a man in our town,
 His Christian name is Miles.

Mrs. M. I think he's very fond of me !

Mrs. A. I know he'd rather talk to me !
 I'll marry him !

Mrs. M. You won't ! You won't !

I'll marry him !

Mrs. A. You shan't ! You shan't !

Both. You needn't, you needn't think that you'll have
Miles.

(*Both eye each other contemptuously from head to foot ; walk across and eye again.*)

Mrs. A. You marry Miles ! the very idea, you ! (*Laughs.*)
How would he look with such a kangaroo
Walking beside him !

Mrs. M. (*with dignity*) No reflections, ma'am ;
He'd have to have the temper of a lamb
To live with you ! besides, ma'am, truth is truth,—
He'd rather have Priscilla than us both ! (*Sing.*)

Both. But if we see our chance is poor
With that Priscilla's wiles,

Mrs. M. I'll send her off to York citee,

Mrs. A. I'll see she never comes to tea,
I'll cut her out !

Mrs. M. You won't ! You won't !

I'll cut her out !

Mrs. A. You shan't ! You shan't !

Both. You needn't, you needn't think that you'll
have Miles !

(*In last verse both grow excited keeping time with umbrellas ; music changes ; they skirmish and fence furiously ; make final charge, miss each other, and exeunt at opposite sides.*)

(*HOBOMOK comes from behind tree, picks up hat, etc. ; hears music ; retires.*)

SCENE II.

Music of "Meerschaum Pipe." Enter MAIDENS to slow step, hands folded, chanting.

Maidens. Oh ! who will take that girl away,
Will take that dreadful girl away,
Oh ! who will take Priscilla off,
The men they like her so !

They never give a look at us,
It's all that horrid little fuss,
We all might have a chance at John,
If *she* were far away !

1 *M.* Oh ! I have got a bright idea ;
I see Hobomok drawing near.
We'll give him fifty cents to take
Priscilla far away !

2 *M.* (*looking off stage.*) Here comes Hobomok, horrid
savage man !

Perhaps we'd better use him if we can.

3 *M.* If unveiled Beauty seems of no avail,
The " dollar of our daddies " may not fail.

(*Enter HOBOMOK. Throws up hands.*)

Hob. How ! how !!

1 *M.* Great chief, in you we must confide,
Nor from your simple nature try to hide
The burden of our bitter wasting woe :
We have a very heavy row to hoe !

2 *M.* No longer have we partners for the dance,
Nor in the Hymeneal race a chance :
No escort down to Newport or Long Branch,
Altho' on such a journey we would launch
As soon as, on the longer voyage of life,
(*Very demurely.*) We'd undertake to be a willing wife !

4 *M.* The name of her who causes us this task
You know full well, and therefore need not ask.

Hob. I am Hobomok, friend of Sitting Bull,
The Shawmut's chief, of whom my camp is full.
Me heap big Indian,—big in peace and war ;
A relative of Joseph's youngest squaw.
The sole survivor of the braves who died
In Philip's war : nor will I try to hide
(*Except in rum*) my sorrow for the loss
Of Captain Jack, and brother Crazy Horse.

3 *M.* Most noble redskin, do us this good turn,
We'll do our best your pedigree to learn!

4 *M.* If you will rid us of this horrid pest
The next time Congress meets we'll do our best
To get you an appropriation which
In money, wives and drink will make you rich.

Hob. I am a savage of untutored mind,
But should, indeed, be very loth to find
That you had gone to trouble or expense
To find for me a proper recompense.
I want but little now; the highest end
And aim of my ambition is to send
To the "Industrial School" * a young papoose,
To learn to sew, to read, to be some use!
In short, to end the matter and be brief,
I think I'd like for both "Outdoor Relief!" *

2 *M.* Oh, redman, redman! we will never tell
Into whose hands the pale-faced maiden fell!

3 *M.* Do take her off: it makes no difference where.

4 *M.* Whether to Jersey, Turkey or Asi-are!

Hob. Hobomok, earliest friend of pale-faced men,
Friend of Ben. Franklin and of Billy Penn,
Puritan maidens loveth as of old,
Loveth the maidens,—but (*mysteriously*) prefers their gold!

1 *M.* Oh, pretty Indian, pity us forlorn,
Accept this gift. (*Gives money.*)

Hob. Get off my Indian corn.

2 *M.* Hobomok, think how you would feel,
Here's forty cents. (*Gives same.*)

Hob. Won't buy an Indian meal.

3 *M.* Rub up your brain, decide or I shall blubber,

Hob. Ugh! do you call that thing an Indian rubber?

4 *M.* Sharpen your wits, put off that lazy smile. (*Gives money.*)

Hob. To sharpen wits? yes, that's the Indian file.

(*He pockets money and laughs; all come forward and sing.*)

* Local.

Air "Daffney do you love me?"

Hob. Oh, Puritan maidens I love you so.

Ms. Oh, Hobomok, we love you now!

Hob. To what you ask I can't say no.

Ms. Oh, Hobomok, we love you now!

Hob. Of Sarsparil you shall be rid.

Ms. Oh, Hobomok, we love you now!

Hob. In the dark wood she shall be hid.

Ms. Oh Hobomok, we love you now!

Chorus.—Oh, we're so glad, we're so glad,
We're so glad Priscilla's going,
We're so glad, we're so glad,
Our Johnny's going to stay!

(*During chorus MAIDENS join hands and dance about HOBOMOK in a ring.*)

Hob. I'll snake her off through the back door.

Ms. Oh, Hobomok, we love you now!

Hob. And you shall never see her more.

Ms. Oh, Hobomok, we love you now!

Hob. But Johnny's life it shall be spared.

Ms. Oh, Hobomok, we love you now!

Hob. By one of you he may be snared.

Ms. Oh, Hobomok, we love you now!

Chorus.—Oh, we're so glad, we're so glad, etc.

(*Exeunt MAIDENS L.; HOBOMOK goes to leave by R., and runs into MILES entering; utters ha! ha!*)

Miles. Holloa! Hobomok, one might think you felt,
You laugh so loud, that, dangling at your belt,
Which girds itself about your daily rations,
Were countless scalps of all the Seven Nations

Hob. Hark, noble pale-face! mighty Captain Miles!
And I will tell the reason of my smiles.

Miles. Go on!

Hob. While 'neath the shade of yonder tree
I heard a song, and peeking, chanced to see

John Alden making known, in verse, his will
To cut you out and marry maid Priscil.
I laughed ha! ha! I laughed in savage glee
To see a swindler swindled! ha! ha! hee!
For I decided, without more ado
To tomahawk his plan by telling you!

Miles. After the care I've spent on him, by gum!
To think that Johnny to such fraud should come.

Hob. No matter, Cap., we'll undermine his plot,
A thing which we can do as well as not.
You seize and carry off the maid, while I
Will roam the woods: who knows but bye-and-bye
Some sunny afternoon, when all is still,
On Johnny Alden I may fall and (*hoarsely*) *kill!*

Miles. Sh! sh! The trees have ears! (*meaningly*) thou
art the star

Of my existence (*puts coin in hand*): fare thee well!

Hob. Ha! ha!
Before he's time that mission to fulfil,
I'll intercept and carry off Priscil.
Mischief is brewing! Treason rides on high!
And either White-or Red-man low must lie!

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

PRISCILLA'S ROOM.—PRISCILLA *discovered at wash tub, which is so arranged that a person can escape through it.* PRISCILLA *is putting clothes through the wringer attached to the tub.*

SONG.—Air “Oh where, oh where, has my little dog gone?”

Pris. Oh where, oh where, is that mother of mine?

Oh where, oh where can she be?

She ought to be here to turn this crank,

While I go out to tea!

I'm always put to this horrid grind,

It's mean, as mean can be!

Just when I wanted to take a walk

John Alden for to see.

(*Enter JOHN unseen.*)

Pris. Speak of an angel and you're sure to hear

The creaking of that angel's little shoe,—

John. So says Bill Shakspeare

Pris. (*sees JOHN*). Well I do declare,

It's Johnny Alden! Why, John, how d'ye do?

I'm glad you've come, for ma—the mean old thing—

Has left me here with all these clothes to wring.

Oh, it's just like her, she's off on a spree,

But since you've come I shan't so lonely be.

You'll help me, won't you? Ain't mammas a bore?

I thank my stars I haven't any more.

Bill Shakspeare says, and he was wondrous wise,

One mother's quite enough to spoil one's pies.

John. You're right, Priscilla as you always are
Of course, I'll help you —

Pris.

Don't move off so far!

John. But first accept these flowers, little maid,
Before, by envy killed, they droop and fade.
I plucked them ere the morning sun was high,
For you, Priscilla. (*aside.*) Thunder, what a lie!

Pris. Oh, thank you, Johnny, flowers are a treat.
"No rose from other hands would smell as sweet."
That's Billie's nonsense, not my thoughts you know,
I wouldn't have the cheek to flatter so.
Now be a good boy,—here's a dress to wring,
You'll find the crank turns faster if you sing.

SONG.—"We sat by the river."

John. We sat by the wringer, you and I,
In the sweet washing days, long ago :
The clothes they so gently glided by
To the music of our voices sweet and low.
But, ah! we had trouble, you and I,
With that wringer, as we turned on and on,
For half of a garment stayed behind,
And the other floated onward all alone;—
And, oh! we were maddened, you and I,
For your ma had been listening at the door,
And we knew, when we saw her awful eye,
That we'd sit by that wringer never more!

John. My goodness gracious! don't you sometimes find
Your arms are tired by this horrid grind!

Pris. Yes, but ma makes me, it's no use to mope,
So I quote Shakspeare—"While there's life there's *soap*."
I only pray, while filial tears upstart,
Ma may experience a change of heart.

John. May change her heart! oh, what sane man would
dare
To change hearts with an untamed polar bear?
But see, Priscilla, I've my trials too,
And, bless me, if I don't confide in you!—
You know Miles Standish, red nosed Captain Miles,
But, dear Priscilla, you don't know his wiles,

His tricks and manners, ways both dark and bad,—
 His horrid temper,—why, when he gets mad
 His wicked, naughty words would make you sad.
 Donkey and booby are pet names for me,
 And when he's awful mad he says a d——

Pris. Oh, Johnny Alden! can this really be?

John. My dear Priscil. "I cannot tell a lie!"

My brother James is truthful, so am I.
 For six long years I've kept in Miles' wake,
 Serving him faithfully, there's no mistake.
 On land and sea, beneath each changing sky,
 I've blacked his boots.—I'd like to black his eye.
 No Turk or Russian could so savage be,
 My life has been one long, long agony. (*weeps.*)

Pris. My poor, dear Johnny! There now, don't you cry.
 Here's ma's best table-cloth to wipe your eye.

John. But I'll not stand it, no, I never will,
 I'll prick his gullet,—yea, I'll fight, I'll *kill*.
 Some night, when all is quiet, Brutus-like,
 I'll take my goose-quill and I'll strike, I'll strike!

Pris. That's not the righteous path you're taught to tread,
 Heap coals of fire upon his wicked head,
 And *burn* the old curmudgeon in his bed.

John. 'Tis not the harm to me I fear or dread,
 (*confidentially*) 'Tis whispered in the town by tongues
 unwary

Of idle gossips, that he means to marry,
 And, oh, with whom? ~

Pris. I really cannot guess.

John. With you, Priscilla!

Pris. Well, I must confess
 I'm staggered; who indeed had ever thought
 The Captain could to sentiment be brought.
 There's many a worse fish in the sea, I think;
 Perhaps——

John. (*aside.*) Good Heavens! is she on the brink?——

Pris. Perhaps—(*aside*)—he's touched:—Oh Cupid, why
 not try

To bring things to a crisis bye-and-bye.

John. (aside) There's danger in her voice's soft inflection,
I must lead on and bring out Miles' rejection.

(aloud) Oh, sister 'Scil! this Miles you must not wed,
His smiles are hollow, hollower still his head.—

Pris. (interrupting.) But, John, I cannot stand this
dreadful life,

I'm sure I'd rather be an old man's wife
And darling, than my cruel mother's slave.

John. Why not a young man's darling—*(aside)*—John,
be brave!

Pris. I can't imagine what you're driving at—
Oh dear you make my heart go pit-a-pat.

(aside.) If that don't fetch him I'll just pile it on.

John. (aside) Ah, how I wish her heart would pity John.

Pris Why don't he take my hand, the bashful fool,
Let go my hand, sir; (*JOHN takes it*) well, now, this is cool.
Perhaps you think I'd just as lief you'd stay
Squeezing my hand forever and a day—
Come, tell me what you think I'd better do
If Captain Miles proposes to——

John. To you?

Take down his impudence a peg or two!
There's many a man within this village fair
For your sweet sake, would gladly, boldly dare
All things on earth,—eat crocodiles, and swear
'Twas luscious eating and extremely nice
When baked in mud,—and tempting at the price.

Pris. In which, case, John, allow me a suggestion,
Love would not save him from an indigestion.
But pray continue, what would he do next?

John. I've nothing more to say.

Pris. There, now, you're vexed.

John. If you will trifle, I——

Pris. You silly boy,

Let's kiss and make it up. What, are you coy?
I only meant my hand,—you needn't blush,—
John, don't repeat such sentimental mush,—

I've heard such nonsense fifty times before
 And know its worth. The man whom I adore,
 I mean, I shall adore, won't waste his breath
 In whining out his readiness for death
 If I demand it. He'll just stick to facts
 And prove his mettle by his noble acts.

John. What would you have him use his mettle for?

Pris. Oh, he must write me verses by the score,
 And be right clever, give his wits no rest,
 Welcome each coming, speed each parting *jest* ;
 He must not for too much debating tarry,
 But to the point, and ask me if I'll marry.

John. I'll answer for him, if he's half a man
 He'll do the best, Priscilla, that he can.

Pris. You'll answer for him, why not go right on,
 And speak up for yourself, you timid John? (*Sings.*)

SONG.

Pris. I had a dream the other night when all was
 dark and still,
 I dreamt I saw John Alden a-coming up the
 hill ;
 His coy and bashful glances, and the some-
 what anxious way
 That he looked around, convinced me that
 he'd something nice to say.

Speak for yourself John,—

John. I don't dare to,—

Pris. Speak for yourself, John,—

John. I'm afraid of you,—

Pris. Speak for yourself, John Alden,
 Or tell the reason why!

Cho.—Tra, la, la, etc.

Pris. There are not many fellows that ma can stand,
 you know she's an awful fuss,
 But, perhaps, if you act discreetly, she won't
 make much of a muss :

I'm sure I've said all that I ought, and all
that a Puritan maiden can ;
Mamma will return directly—(*pauses*)—OH !
you *horrid, stupid* man !

CHO.—As above.

(*Exit JOHN.*)

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, so they say,
Take courage, Johnny, (*turns towards JOHN*) la ! he's run
away.

Ah me ! I wish he were not *quite* so shy,
I'll bring him to the point yet,—or I'll die.
Its too provoking ; he was almost there
When he grew frightened:—I should like to swear,
But poor, down-trodden women are so cowed
By tyrant man, they daresn't swear—aloud !
That time will change ; we'll have our rights ere long.
Meanwhile I'll ease my feelings by a song (*Sings.*)

SONG.

Oh, I'm so fond of Johnny,
I never can say no !
And if he pops the question,
Right off with him I'll go.

Oh, his hair is like the sunset,
His eyes of china blue,
And his mouth's so large and comely,
An elephant might go through.

Ma thinks him very odious,
Aunt Susan calls him "beast !"
But then there's one great comfort,—
I don't care in the least.

(*Erit PRISCILLA at L.*)

SCENE II.

(Enter MILES mysteriously by window at R ; HOBOMOK ditto by window at L.; look cautiously about ; nod to each other ; MILES takes HOBOMOK's hand mysteriously and leads him to front of stage. Lights down.)

Miles. (loud whisper.) Air we the men we think we air ?

Hob. (two chords on piano.) We air (hoarsely) !

Miles. (loud whisper.) Were we not bound to do the deed ?

Hob. (two chords.) We were !

Miles. (loud whisper.) Swear we to back each other up ?

Hob. (two chords.) We swear !

Miles. 'Tis well. Unto this scheme I lend my name !

You cooked the plot, you know, and so the blame
Will fall on you,—the glory, too; (HOB. scowls) nay, frown
Not on me so: I yield you the renown! (HOB. adjusts wringer.)
(to audience.) John Alden soon a wooing will return,
And you, kind listeners, shall straightway learn
What we are up to. (to HOBOMOK) Is the wringer ready ?

Hob. (nodding.) Yum ! Yum !

Miles. All right ! Hobomok, man, be steady !
Conduct the thing with just as little racket
As—(sees JOHN returning)— here he is : brace up ! pull
down your jacket !

(Enter JOHN.)

John. I hadn't thought of finding you here.

Miles. (insolently.) No ?

We'd planned on finding you here long ago.

John. I wasn't long : I saw you cross the lane.

Miles. You'll longer be when you go out again. (Nudges

HOBOMOK.)

Hob. Much longer. (Winks at MILES.)

John. (inquiringly.) What's a-foot ?

Miles. (loudly.) A foot ! say four.

You'll hit the mark. (nudges HOB) eh, scalp, eh ?

Hob. Haw ! haw !

John. (excitedly.) Stop that hoarse laughter !

Hob. Ha ! ha !

John. Don't you hear ?

Drown that loud bellow !

Hob. Ha ! ha !

Miles. Never fear !

The ringing of his laugh will music be

Matched with the wringing that's in store for thee !

John. I have n't understood a word you've said ;

That ringing joke I can't get through my head.

Miles. Not through your head ! then get your head through it,

Likewise your heels, we'll help you through a bit !

Come on, Hobomok, clap your flippers under

His head : I'll take his heels (*they so seize him.*)

Hob. Oh ! bite like thunder !

(*Both seize JOHN, and, with difficulty carry and drag him to tub, and force him into it ; they then begin to pull through the wringer a pasteboard effigy, dressed and painted to resemble JOHN.*)

Hob. Me no like——

Miles. Go on ! don't be chicken-hearted !

Just give the crank a turn to get him started !

(*HOBOMOK turns ; head of effigy appears ; MILES pulls effigy partly through ; HOBOMOK turns crank savagely.*)

Miles. No hurry now, Hobomok, don't get wild ;

A few turns more ; he's coming !

Hob. Draw it mild ! (*MILES pulls effigy out.*)

Miles. (tragically.) Return, Priscil ! no longer will you doubt,

When viewing "linked sweetness long drawn out."

Hereafter you may estimate your treasure,

Like carpeting, by superficial measure !

(*kneels down by effigy.*) When she discovers what a strait he's in

What will she say, Hobomok ?

Hob. Ugh ! too thin !

(MILES fumbles in pockets of effigy; finds piece of money; HOBOMOK pricks up ears and listens; vanishes quietly by window at L.)

Miles. That money can't avail him now—(bell rings)—a bell!

(Looks around.) Hobomok! gone? betrayed!

(Rushes to window at R.; before disappearing entirely kisses hand to effigy, and says):

A LONG farewell!

(Exit.)

SCENE III.

(Enter PURITAN MAIDENS, skipping to quick music, crossing and recrossing stage; they find JOHN hanging out of the wringer; all shriek.)

1 M. Behold the end of all our worldly schemes,
Our blasted hopes!

2 M. Don't swear.

1 M. And all our dreams.

2 M. And is our precious Johnny Alden gone?
Then truly are we maidens all forlorn!

3 M. Oh, won't this give his ma an awful shock.
There's not another man in Plymouth Rock
Whose single and——

4 M. Who's blessed with patrimony.

3 M. Poor men don't count

All. Farewell to matrimony!

2 M. The Cauliflower homeward sails to-morrow;
This news will give his English friends much sorrow.

1 M. 'Tis plain to see who did this savage act.
Who wrung him through and left him broken-backed;

3 M. They've left us broken-hearted oh, the wretches,
Sooner or later all such Old Nick fetches!

(MAIDENS kneel around effigy.)

SONG — Air “ Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling.”

Oh, don't go back on us, Johnny,
Oh, come to life again,
For, taking the State's statistical rates,
There are many more girls than men.
We've had our eyes upon you
For many a weary day,
So come to life, and choose a wife,
Among us all, we pray.

It's very sorrowful, Johnny,
To see you lying there.
Oh! could we but take, for your sweet sake,
A lock of your golden hair!
We've other locks, John Alden,
We've had flirtations, too;
But dearer yet to us you may bet,
Is the lock that speaks of you!

(*Enter PRISCILLA. MAIDENS try to hide JOHN.*)

Pris. Pray what's the meaning of this stifled chatter?
These solemn looks, my friends, what is the matter?
(*Sees JOHN.*) My pilgrim fathers! what is this I see?

4 *M.* Poor Johnny Alden, flat as flat can be!

2 *M.* We found him hanging through that vile machine,
Not ere a wrinkle in his skin was seen.

Pris. Oh, catch me, somebody, I'm going to faint!

4 *M.* Now don't you do it.

3 *M.* No, indeed, you aint.

(*PRISCILLA drops into arms of 1 MAIDEN; others rush to support her and all fall; MAIDENS except PRISCILLA scramble up.*)

1 *M.* My jiminy, whatever shall we do,
Here's Johnny dead; Priscilla's fainted too!
Longsuffering do go and pump some water.

4 *M.* Just go your own self, I am not your porter.

2 *M.* Sobriety, some brandy, quick—but stop,
Priscilla's temperance, there's not a drop.

3 *M.* Oh, pooh, she's shamming, let the fraud alone,
I'll warrant she'll come to.

1 *M.* Now, hear her groan,
Perhaps she thinks she's pretty when she faints,
As if we didn't know these suffering saints!

2 *M.* Look at that cap ; that tells how long she prinks.

Pris. You good-for-nothing, saucy little minx !
Ah me, where am I?—What was it they said?—
They told me,—I remember —John is dead !!
(*Rushes to front of stage.*) Behold this spectacle, avenging
Gods!

Where are your thunderbolts,—your pickled rods ?
Ah. Captain Standish, I can trace the hand
Of jealous fury, by Hobomok fanned,
In this outrageous deed ! I'll live to bring
You both to justice and the hangman's string !
May peaceful sleep desert you evermore ;
Your dreams be filled with ghosts, all dripping gore !
May Staten Island skeeters buzz and hum
Around your wicked heads for years to come ;
Your beds be made of thorns without the roses,
And kerosene from Bergen fill your noses !!
Ah, once, how little did I ever think
An hour would come when I should weeping shrink
With horror from my gentle boy's embrace,
From these dear arms and cover up his face.
The crazed Ophelia no such trials had ;
Which makes me think 'tis proper to go mad.

(*Exit PRISCILLA R*)

1 *M.* Puritan Maidens, I have got a plan
Worthy the genius of a first-class man ;
It's no use crying over milk that's spilt.
The deed is done.—don't let your courage wilt ;
Now that Priscilla's gone, we must discover
Some means by which our darling shall recover ;
Science and medicine shall lend their aid,
(*Draws knife.*) We'll cut him up, if need be,—who's afraid ?

1 *M.* I shan't? pray will you tell me why?
Who grows this little cabbage, you or I?

2 *M.* Oh, go ahead, I'll have to wait my turn,
By sad experience, perhaps, you'll learn.

(*Enter other MAIDENS with bellows, etc.*)

1 *M.* It's my turn first, come girls and lend a hand,
It might be good to have the poor dear fanned. (*Fans.*)

3 *M.* Take him up tenderly, lift him with care,
Wrung out so slenderly, lank and so spare!

4 *M.* I'm sure we cannot make things any worse;

(*Takes effigy to wringer.*)

Poor dear, he'll want a very narrow hearse.

1 *M.* Here goes,—hm—ha—turn slowly,—(*draws effigy
through wringer*)—never fear,—

Why, he's as lank as ever,—*very* queer!

2 *M.* Your system seems to be in fault just here.
I'm going to put a blister on his head,
If that won't bring him to he must be dead. (*Puts on blister.*)

3 *M.* You've had your turn, so don't get in my way,
Most people die for want of wind, they say. (*Blows bellows.*)

4 *M.* I'm going to rub him (*rubs*).—mercy, how I ache!
Let's give the whole thing up and have a wake.

(*MAIDENS gather around JOHN and sing "Why did he die?"
Enter PRISCILLA with a broom.*)

Pris. Who said an elephant wore a ruffled tail?

Ms. Poor Johnny Alden, why did he die?

Pris. Who said that Johnny's voice was but a wail?

Ms. Why did he die, etc.

Pris. When folks go mad I wonder what they do,—
When ma gets mad she raises a tew dew
These girls have been as mean as they could be
In making mischief betwixt John and me;
I'll give them the best dance they ever had
Before I'm done I guess we'll all be mad

(PRISCILLA chases MAIDENS with broom till they go behind chairs. Enter mothers.)

Mrs. A. Hey-day! what mischief are these girls about?

Mrs. M. What ails Priscilla?

Pris. Mother mine,—get out!

Mrs. Oh, Mrs. Mullen, she's quite lost her wits.

Mrs. A. No, no,—that can't be,—likely she has fits;
She never had the wits to lose.

Pris. No use

To air that statement, you gray-headed goose

Mrs. A. Just hear her, will you, calling me a name
I scorn repeating,—

Mrs. M. Daughter, fie, for shame!

What can it be? I'm sure she never had
Such turns; Eliza Alden, she is mad!

Pris. There's method in my madness, ma you'll find,
Though something more than kin, I'm less than kind.

4 M. Dear Mrs. Alden this is not the worst.

1 M. Hush,—get a fan,—a glass of brandy, first;
And if she faints, a pillow for her head.

4 M. Oh, must I say it? Johnny Alden's dead.
Murdered in cold blood——

3 M. And you might say water,—

4 M. For making love to Mrs. Mullin's daughter.
Look at that clothes wringer, we can't relate,—
So you must guess the rest of Johnny's fate.

Mrs. A. And is that all, dear me, why what a row
About a trifle. why, I thought my cow
Had broken all four of her legs, at least,
I'm always getting scared about the beast.
But Johnny, bless you don't grieve over that,
He's got as many lives as any cat:
And this catastrophe we'll soon set right.

Mrs. M. (with a gasp.) I thought they meant that Miles
was going to fight!

Pris. I feel quite natural now.

Mrs. M. I'm very glad,—

Pris. It's too much trouble to play being mad,
 I'm sorry, ma,—I've broken lots of glass.
 (“*Blue glass put in*” *heard outside.*) That glazier don't let
 pass.

Glazier. Blue glass put in! (*outside.*)

Pris. Blue glass! a bright idea,—
 Go catch that man and send him right in here.
 Shades of my noble ancestors, I feel
 An inspiration!

1 *M.* We have lost the deal.
 Priscilla's got the cards, she'll play them well;
 But may be this blue glass may prove a sell.

SONG OF THE GLAZIER.

Gl. What ho! ye maidens every one,

Ms. Oh my!

Gl. Come see ye maidens every one,

The greatest invention under the sun,

Blue glass!

Ms. Oh my!

Gl. Oh, I can make you fair and tall,

Ms. Oh my!

Gl. Or young or old, or large or small,

And fifty cents to pay,—that's all,

Blue glass!

Ms. Oh my!

Gl. It cures the tongue of a scolding wife,

Ms. Oh my!

Gl. It cures the tongue of a scolding wife,

And makes a dead man come to life,

Blue glass!

Ms. Oh my!

Gl. Come people all, ding dong! ding dong!

Ms. Oh my!

Gl. For I'm your man, ding dong! ding dong!

With the greatest invention under the sun,

Blue glass!

Ms. Oh my!

Pris. A light begins to dawn! I hope, I fear!—
But what a pity that he is so dear!

I spent my last five cents for pickled limes.
And pa's no good because of the hard times!
Oh, I know what I'll do,—I'll break the locks

And open mother's missionary box!

(*To GLAZIER.*) Please, Mr. Glazier, undertake this case,

And put yourself. I pray you in my place;

Feel my suspense, and know my anguish deep,

And *oh*, dear Mr. Glazier, *do him cheap!*

See what a wreck the envious Standish made;

Look at him lying there all flat and dead!

He never speaks, nor winks, nor smiles,—alas!

Quick, oh, my friend, and bring on your blue glass.

1 *M.* Wait,—let him rub a pane up snick and clean,

While we get up an *incantation* scene!

All. Hooray!

1 *M.* Be brisk! we haven't time to waste

A moment,—

2 *M.* Stop! the wash-tub must be placed

Back from the wringer, so,— (*draws tub to back and corner.*)

3 *M.* (*Helping.*) yes, put it off in

This corner,— (*both pull tub towards corner.*)

4 *M.* Far away from Johnny's coffin! (*Eyeing
wringer tearfully.*)

(3 MAIDEN goes to front of stage and pantomimes with pianist.)

1 *M.* Now form in line, and, when I holler “go,”

Parade around the wash-tub slowly, so; (*shows how to parade.*)

All ready now!

2 *M.* We must have music, (*to pianist*) *here!*

3 *M.* (*returning*) That's all arranged.

4 *M.* This seems just like Shakspeare,

How jolly!

1 *M.* (*sternly.*) Hush! no levity,—*this show* (*piously*)

Is sacred,—ready? (*to MAIDENS.*)

All. Yes

1 *M.* One, two, three,—“go!” (*Music.*)

(MAIDENS start to make circuit of tub; GLAZIER, who, after polishing glass has rolled JOHN up, runs up to them with JOHN under his arm and stops them.)

Glaz. You're pright, you fraulein, trying how you mout
Play Hamlet mit dat shentleman left out.

1 M. He's rolled up Johnny!

2 M. Wretch! how dared you take

3 M. And roll him up so like —

4 M. (*sobbing.*) Like jelly cake!

1 M. Brute!

2 M. Viper!

3 M. Fiend!

4 M. Hyena!

Glaz. (*angrily.*) Now see here!

You say one odder word so very rude,

I pack my glass and scatter!

1 M. If he should!

Glaz. You silly fraulein,—taking so much care
To boil him back to life, and leave him *dere*; (*pointing.*)

Py no means,—let me take and put him in

De tub,—(*puts him in*)—*dere* now—dat's sensible—*pegin*!

(*Music*; MAIDENS walk around tub; *music ceases*; two lines;
round again to music; *music ceases*; two lines; *round again*
to music, etc.)

1 M. Round about the wash-tub swing;
In the patent physic fling!

2 M. Canker worm, that from on high
Drops upon the passer-by!

3 M. Fin of locust, wing of toad,
Core of apple, found by th' road!

4 M. In the wash-tub fire and fling,
Johnny Alden *to* to bring!

Chorus.—Double, double, toil and trouble!
Johunny Alden's bent up double!

- 1 *M.* Add thereto a cradle rocker,
Bung of barrel, old brass knocker !
- 2 *M.* Katydid, that on a shelf
Sits and contradicts herself !
- 3 *M.* Knitting needles, Chinese fans,
Theatre tickets, warming pans !
- 4 *M.* In the wash-tub toss and hurl,
Just to keep his hair in curl !

Chorus —Double, double, etc.

(*After last chorus MAIDENS look into tub a moment ; then 1 MAIDEN rushes quickly to GLAZIER.*)

1 *M.* Oh, hurry glazier !

Glaz. Now you just see here,
Dis blue glass piziness is very dear,
And not one pane you'll get to help dis gent.
Until you pay me down one *fifty cent* !

Pris. Fifty ! oh dear ! what am I going to do ?
I can not make the change : come girls, won't you
Please lend me fifty cents ? I'm sure to pay
It back to you, and if I don't, they say
That virtue is its own reward :—perhaps
I'll put a mortgage on mamma's new caps !

1 *M.* See here, propriety, why can't we try
To pass that counterfeit off on the sly ? (*Gives money to*
PRISCILLA)

Pris. That's just enough, oh, bless you, girls ! (*to GLAZIER.*) be quick, (*giving money.*)

I pray you, glazier, with this blue glass trick !

Glaz. (*taking money and pane.*) All right, mum—here's a
plate—I'll put him under,
You see how soon it bring him to—by tunder !

(*MAIDENS and PRISCILLA crowd on either side of tub, leaving just space enough for GLAZIER to stand in front of it and hold up pane.*)

Take hold dere—careful—look out—mind your eye—
It won't work if you hold it up too high.

(*All stand holding glass ; music gives low refrain, "Why did he die?" tall JOHN rises ; all start back ; JOHN eyes them amazedly ; rubs eyes ; steps out ; advances.*)

Glaz. Dere now! tell you how dis come to pass :
He grow three feet because of the blue glass.
Good evening, ladies! (*Exit GLAZIER.*)

3 *M.* This can not be John.

4 *M.* Who are you?

John. Put those questions one by one!
I feel somewhat confused : I hardly know
What's what :—Hobomok, Miles,—where did they go?
Ah, now I see : those wretches put me through
The wringer, and bespattered me with blue.

1 *M.* No, I did that.

John. You did?

2 *M.* No, it was I :
I found you cold and damp ; *how* I did try——

3 *M.* Yes, cold, and limp, and lank, and long, and lean,
A-dangling from that horrible machine,
And so I——

4 *M.* You, indeed,—and so I tried
To bring you to : I really could have cried
At finding you so cold and silent, too ;
It wasn't nice a bit——

John. There dear,—

Pris. A-choo!

John. God bless you,—Prissy!

Pris. Oh, boo-hoo, go way!

John. *Priscilla*, why?

Pris. I'm not a-going to play!

John. Encouraging! could she have seen me try
To kiss Longsuffering upon the sly?
Come now, *Priscilla*.

Pris. You're too tall by half,
I'm not a-going to marry a giraffe

John. Is this the constancy of woman, oh !
This is of all the most unkindest blow !
Some other lass I'll find me, never fear,
Who likes tall men,—

Pris. Be still, these girls will hear.
(If I don't go for him those maidens will ;
I can't stand that), *John*, I am constant still!
But if, *John Alden*, after all my woes
And endless trouble, sir, you don't propose,—
After my fainting, madness, and endeavor
To bring you to, ungrateful boy, I'll never,
No never, never, (that is if I can
Refrain,) set store again by mortal man.

4 *M.* Come girls, let's leave,—there's going to be a scene.
They've got it bad!

2 *M.* Oh, if this ain't too mean !

3 *M.* Let's call *Hobomok*, quick, before they're done
Conversing there : he'll help us spoil *John's* fun.

(*JOHN and PRISCILLA advance.*)

Pris. I thought you'd get your courage up at last !

John. Hooray ! the storm is reached, the haven passed !
I mean——

Pris. Oh, don't explain ! 'twill take so long :
Suppose instead we give a parting song !

SONG.

Pack up your dresses, *Priscilla*, dear,
Pack up your dresses and traveling gear ;
Pack up your bonnets and all your wraps,
Pack them in trunks, love, and buckle the straps.

Cho.—Where, oh where, shall the wedding be ?
Where shall the wedding be ?

Puritan maidens, you surely know,
Won't let us marry in Plymouth, and *so*
How would it do, love, to let them mope,
Leave them in Plymouth and e—e—lope.

Cho.—Where, etc.

Pris. Elope? dear Johnny that's what I call spunk;
You bet I'm ready, help me get my trunk. (*they pull trunk to front of stage*)
Now run away, for you've just time to pack
Your duds, and then for me come posting back.
Remember, sir, we've got to catch a train;
Good bye, dear Johnny, till we meet again. (*Exit JOHN, R.*)
So he's proposed at last! and ain't I glad
I didn't have to do it. My, how mad,
How hopping mad my dear mamma will be;
She'll weep with rage—tears saltier than the sea!
To find I've run away—I guess I'll take
These silver forks, we'll use them for her sake,
And this old stocking, too, (*picks up articles and puts in trunk*) for well I know,
'Tis filled with savings to the very toe.
There are my dresses and my best hats, too;
I'll put in mother's shawl because its new.
My John is fond of pickles, here's a jar,
Ma'll be so sour she won't want 'em—ah!
I'll take some honey, for you know they say
The honeymoon most quickly glides away.
Perhaps with this it will not go so soon—
Since John is going, I'll not need a spoon.
Dear me—I really fear I shan't have room
For all these things, and I must have a broom:
To *married life* its use a charm will lend,—
In calms the brush, in storms the other end!
Half full! and yet of clothes I've very few;
I'd best jump in and see what that will do.

(PRISCILLA jumps into trunk ; enter MAIDENS unseen ; enter HOBOMOK with a whoop, and seizes and ties PRISCILLA ; enter JOHN ; MAIDENS form in line between JOHN and HOBOMOK, who holds PRISCILLA.)

SONG.—Air “ Pins and Needles.”

Maids. Johnny Alden we won't let you
Off so easily we can bet you.

John. Let me have my love Priscilla,
And I'll bet you bye-and-bye

Maids. You have got to choose among us,
For Priscilla's taken from us,

Hob. Taken to adorn my wigwam,
They will tell you why.

John. Come and fight me if you dare !

Hob. I would like to lift your hair.

H. & J. You must choose among these maidens,
For I want Priscil myself.

Maids. If you're married to Priscilla,
Won't she turn out a gorilla ;
Won't you be a hen-pecked husband,
Oh no, not at all ;
So you'd better give up hoping
To escape us by eloping ;
For we'll surely, surely follow,
Maidens one and all.

(JOHN tries in vain to rush past MAIDENS and rescue PRISCILLA ; HOBOMOK drags PRISCILLA off, and JOHN falls on knees before MAIDENS)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Curtain rises ; MAIDENS enter R.

MUSIC.—“Sing a song of sixpence.”

All. Sing a song of vixens,
Priscilla's gone to grass ;
Who'd a thought Hobomok
Was such an ass ?
Miles's scheme is busted,
Johnny Alden's too ;
Ain't we clever maidens ?
Hip de-doodle-doo !

All. Sing a wedding chorus,
Ring a marriage bell ;
How we dished Priscilla,
Wasn't it a sell !
Now we're off for Johnny,
Ring and license, too ;
Ain't we clever maidens ?
Hip-de-doodle-doo !

1 *M.* But stop a minute ! nobody has thought
Who's to have Johnny after he is caught.
Oh, if we only lived in Salt Lake City,
We all might be contented,—more's the pity !

2 *M.* As far as I can see, it seems a plan
To give us each a *quarter* of a man.
If I can't have a *whole* one, *I'll* have *none* !

3 *M.* I must say I prefer the *whole* of John.
I'm sure you must agree I'd suit him best
For I'm far handsomer than all the rest !

4 *M.* How modest ! “handsome is as handsome *does*.”

3 *M.* -A handsome girl's the same *whate'er* she does !

1 *M.* Yes, she's good looking but a deal too small.

3 *M.* (*sighing.*) 'Tis better to have loved a little than
ever to have loved a tall.

(*aside.*) They needn't try to snub because I'm *short*.

2 *M.* But I have been so *long* a *broad* I've caught
Quite the Parisian accent, and among
My talents can talk slang in every tongue
Ever discovered !

4 *M.* You are all quite smart,
But I can go direct to Johnny's heart.
If I succeed (*claps hands*) I'll place a laurel garland
Upon the brow of Mrs. Marian Harland !
For such a dinner for him I can cook
That never at another girl he'll look ;
Not even at Priscilla,—for still louder
Than love a voice within him cries *clam-chowder* !

1 *M.* If I can have the *floor* (*gets into a chair*) I'll make a
speech.

(*earnestly.*) Girls, are we sure Priscilla's out of reach ?
John's case is desperate ! he's sure to go
Straight for Priscilla ; neither friend nor foe
Can stop him:—can we not devise a plan
To make our plot complete, and *nab* the man !
Let's see which one of us at any rate,
Is destined to be Johnny's happy mate:—
I move you that, before we leave this spot,
We settle Johnny Alden's fate by lot

All. Agreed !

1 *M.* And thus we cut the gordian knot :

(*Descends from chair. Other MAIDENS group at L.* 1
MAIDEN *arranges box.*)

SONG—Air " Camptown Races. "

1 *M.* Tra, la, la, the game have I,—

Ms. Fe, fi, fo, fum.

1 *M.* Puritan maidens, mind your eye,—

Ms. Fe, fi fo, fum.

Cho. *All* —Oh, don't you be all night,
 Oh, don't you be all day,
 Ting-a-ling-ling, we want that string,
 Hurry up your cakes I say.

1 *M.* D'ye think I'd let my chances go,—

Ms. Fe, fi, fo, fum.

1 *M.* For a pack of maidens? oh, no, no,—

Ms. Fe, fi, fo, fum.

Cho. *All*.—Oh, don't you be all night,
 Oh, don't you be all day,
 Ding-ding-dong, there's something wrong,
 Hurry up your cakes I say.

1 *M.* Who falls to John, had better thank her stars
 If she's not daunted by "an eye like *ma's*."
 How many of us are there?—one—two—three,—
 I'll put this piece of tape in whole for *me*,
 And cut the other pieces shorter—*so* :—
 Those other stupid things will never know.
 It's not exactly cheating—all is fair
 In love, I've always heard, as well as war,—
 And I am *fair*, and I'm in love,—here Piety,
 Longsuffering, Perseverance and Sobriety,—
 The lucky girl that draws the longest string
 Gets Johnny Alden—and a wedding ring!

(*Keeps her eye on her string ; all pull ; 1 MAIDEN pulls a very long piece out.*)

1 *M.* I've won him by at least a hundred feet.

2 *M.* No fair!

3 *M.* The fraud!

4 *M.* Oh, what a horrid cheat!

2 *M.* And pray what were you up to over here?

3 *M.* I think she got behind our backs for fear

We'd see her cheating.

4 *M.* Girls, I do believe

That all the time she had it up her sleeve ;

Let's search her pockets !

1 *M.* Oh, you jealous things !
To be so mean about a lot of strings :
Take your old Johnny Alden ! I don't care
For him or any body else,—so there !

(*Flings string at them ; flouts to side of stage at R. ; starts suddenly, as if hearing a sound.*)

4 *M.* Listen a moment ! see if you can hear
A sound like steps approaching.—very queer !
Whoever can it be this time o' day ?

1 *M.* Heavens ! I hope tramps never come this way !

2 *M.* Help !

3 *M.* Fire !

4 *M.* Robbers !

2 *M.* Piety, come here
And stand in front of me,—do —there's a dear !

3 *M.* And what becomes of me?—if there's a meaner
Than you on earth —all is. *I've* never seen her !

1 *M.* Oh me ! we'll all be murdered in our beds ;

4 *M.* Oh, for a chink or corner for our heads
To hide in !

1 *M.* Keep together in a lump ;
And I'll report proceedings from this stump. (*at R.*)
It's Miles * * * he's running here * * * with all his might !
And some one else (*clasps hands*) * * * there's going to be a
fight.

Let's drop behind that tree and see the fun ;
And bear away the wounded, when they're done

(*Hide behind tree from which heads bob out repeatedly ; enter MILES hurriedly, looking over his back ; wipes his brow.*)

Miles. This is the end of all my greatness,—oh,
Why did I ever treat John Alden so ?
Just now as I was coming through the trees,
Capering, careless, merry as you please,
I heard an old-time Puritanic sneeze
I turned Of course I turned ; who would *not* turn,
The cause of such phenomenon to learn ?

I turned, as fallen wretches turn to view
The orange peel they slip on,—so had *you* !
My blood ran cold, I vow upon my life,
My thoughts returned to England,—to my wife. (*Checks*
himself.)

My wife! ha! ha! my memory has aged,—
I have no *wife*,—I *may* have been *engaged* !
I could a tale incredible unfold,
Would terror strike into the heart most bold !
I could, I say, but *won't* ; I haven't time
To put the awful story into rhyme.
Enough to tell I hid myself and saw
What I remembered to have seen before,—
Queerly drawn out unusually blue,
But in the main unfortunately true
To life,—you would have thought (it looked so flattened)
That vultures on its corpse had fed and fattened,—
Wringing its hands in a despairing way,
I saw the wandering ghost of Johnny A !
I could have shrieked but did not,—for you see
That would have called attention straight to me.
I felt cold breezes scudding down my back,
I thought my brain would shrivel up and crack !
My knees clashed audibly; it seemed to me
That each particular hair was on a spree !
Methought it beckoned me ;—a happy plan
Occurred to me,—I cut like mad, and ran !
I *ran* ; indeed, who would not run to see
A great six footed ghost pursuing he ?
Stumbling I ran, and tumbling,—foot and hand
Aided my desperate flight,—and here I stand !
I gasp, I choke! oh, for a cooling drop
Of our old-fashioned, country ginger pop (*consults watch.*)
Too late! they turn the bolt at six o'clock
On every blessed bar in Plymouth Rock !
My life's in danger, though;—the man I slew
Has risen from the dead to put me through !

(*Looking about.*) No hay-rick near? no chimney? naught
in sight

Offers concealment to my hopeless flight.

Behind, beside, before me gape and stare

“Infinite woe and infinite despair!”

Nothing is left, but hiding in the slums;

There to atone —(*turns to go; confronted by JOHN entering*)
too late!—it comes, it comes!

SCENE II.

MILES. *Enter JOHN, R.*

John Miles here, alone? I really could not wish
A better opportunity to dish

His happiness: though women scare me *some*,

Yet with the men I'm dangerous,—I vum!

Miles. It is no ghost—'tis Johnny of the pen,—

Coraggio, Captain Miles —take heart again,—

Come forth Excalibur! (*to JOHN*) what would you do?

John. (timidly.) I'm only so-so, thank you! how are you?

Miles. No blarney, Alden,—drop that corkscrew, *quick!*

John Not I—unless you fling away your stick:

You needn't think, because I once was “wee

And sma’,” you'll lord it longer over me!

I've *grew!*—perhaps you noticed that before,—

The time you left me flattened on the floor

In Mrs. Mullen's kitchen.

Miles. 'Twas no harm;

I never saw you looking——

John. Feel that arm;

Mark its dimensions! tremble at its size!

The man whom it encounters, Standish, dies.

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,” and might

Shall humbled be: old man, you've got to fight.

Each chooses his own weapons:—let me see.

This corkscrew will do well enough for me! (*brandishes.*)

Miles. That's right, keep flourishing,—'twill make you
limber.

John Where are your arms?

Miles. I'll take this bit of timber.

Toe up, John!

John. That's too long, I will not play.

Miles. It's blunt and harmless.

John. Well, then, blaze away!

But stop: our articles are not agreed.

Of course——

Miles. Hang fighting articles! proceed.

John. All right; one!

Miles. Two! three!

John. Time! I'm going to sneeze!

Miles. Sneeze and be *d*—one with it!—shoo!

John. That's not fair

You're taking mean advantages,—

Miles. Beware!

You'll urge me, boy, till, driven to desperation

I'll——

John. Why not settle this by arbitration?

I treasure up no malice —though 'tis true

You and that red-skinned devil wrung me through,—

Miles. You wrong me, Alden, as you always do,
'Twas Hobomok, not I, that wrung you through.

I tried to check him: 'twas in vain! his red,
Red Indian blood had fairly steeped his head

I tried to save you, Johnny, for the thought
Of other days came o'er me, when we caught

The skipping trout in Massachusetts rills,
And skinned young rabbits on their native hills.

John. He's touched at last! I have a mother, Miles.
Who, when your name is mentioned, sighs and smiles
Suspiciously; oh, let us end this strife.

Take her, take anything, but *spare my life!*

Miles. Rise up thou knightly spirit,—let us swear
Henceforth to aid each other,—

John. Put it there! (*shake hands.*)

You'll help me get Priscilla,—that's agreed—

You marry ma : but first we will proceed
To find Hobomok and his tender charge ;
They're wandering in the wilderness at large,
Perhaps now within call.

Miles. I'm extra dry.

John. Then Mumm's the word—let's off at once and try
To scare a bar-room up: we'd best be sly,
For excise laws.—

Miles. Excise be blowed, say I!
Attention, bummers! I will take the starch
From their old temperance nonsense—forward, march!

(*Exeunt, L. MAIDENS advance.*)

1 *M.* Girls, did you ever! here's a pretty mess,
They both have started for the wilderness.
John's sure to find and capture that Priscilla.

2 *M.* My stars! I wish we'd made Hobomok kill her.

3 *M.* Though lost to sight, she's not to memory dear,
And all our plotting goes for naught I fear.

4 *M.* The horrid good-for-nothing little chit!

1 *M.* In spite of us she's got the best of it ;
We might as well retire from the dance,
And build a convent for old maids in France ;
What use for us to fling the festive toe,
When we've no John to captivate, you know.

2 *M.* Dear sister, keep a stiffer upper lip,—

3 *M.* Remember Lawrence, "Dont give up the *skip*!"

4 *M.* This is a crisis, so *sis*, dont you *cry*
Checkmate while there's another move to try.

2 *M.* We'll clap our hats on and we'll all pursue
Standish and John ; we'll keep them full in view.
We'll follow up their tracks for any length,
And when we've caught them we'll use all our strength.

3 *M.* 'Twill take us four to hold that squirming John,
And who's to tackle Standish?

2 *M.* Well, upon
My honor, I can't seem to see a way
To manage Miles.

3 *M.* It's of no use.

2 *M.* Yet stay,

There's Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Alden, too ;

We'll set them after them : that's what we'll do.

Upon their cheeks concealment never preys ;

They always tell their love and we can raise

Such tumult in their breasts —such awful worry

About their Miles, they'll to his rescue hurry

(*Enter MOTHERS*)

4 *M.* Oh horrible, most horrible we're so scared.

3 *M.* We never did hear anything so bad.

2 *M.* We'll never tell but they do say it's true.

1 *M.* I'm all of a tremble, girls, ain't you?

Mrs. A. How silly people are when they are young ;

I never knew a girl could hold her tongue

If on the road she had but seen a cow.

Well, Miss Longsuffering, what's the matter now?

4 *M.* Ah, Mrs. Alden, try and bear this shock :

Think of your forefathers and Plymouth Rock ;

Consider everything and be a *man* ;

We'll break this news as gently as we can.

Mrs. M. Eliza Alden, gracious, mercy me !

I'm just as scared as ever I can be

Mrs. A. Nonsense, Jemima, 'fore I'd be afraid :

Here, hold my hand, go on, you foolish maid.

1 *M.* Down in the woods, away beyond the stiles,

Your son, John Alden, is a murdering Miles.

Mrs. A. Ow—yow—boo—hoo—ha—ha—karee—karee !

(*screams.*)

Mrs. M. I told you so ; I knew it —woe is me.

2 *M.* He's got a knife, its sharp and awful long,

And a corkscrew in his pocket, with a prong.

3 *M.* He's pulled the button of his best new boot —

4 *M.* And if the knife don't work he's sure to shoot.

1 *M.* He's torn out every lock of Miles' hair.

Mrs. A. Those locks arranged with such prodigious care.

2 *M.* And every single curl from off his crown,
Is floating on the air like thistle-down.

Mrs. M. Those golden locks! ah, never shall I see,
Again, the like of what they've been to me.

3 *M.* But it's no time for lamentations now;
Maids, to the rescue; but the question's how.
Sobriety, bring some sal volatile
For Mrs. Alden, and I have a pill
For Mrs. Mullen—do you feel all right?—
Come on then, girls, make ready for the fight.

Mrs. A. Weak as I am, my parasol I'll brandish
Against my cruel son to save Miles Standish.

Mrs. M. I'm not afraid, although in files and files
Should stand the enemy:—the watchword's *Miles!*

(*March out.*)

(*Enter HOBOMOK and PRISCILLA.*)

Pris. Untie me, ruffian, horrid man, go way!

Hob. Now that's a most ungrateful thing to say
After the way I've carried you along
Six weary miles——

Pris. You put it rather strong,
Considering you've dragged me with a rope,—
A most fatiguing manner to elope.

Hob. And all the time you've kept up such a howling,
The very beasts can't hear themselves a-growling;
The little squirrels through the branches flew
Stopping their ears,——

Pris. 'Twas *squirrelous* in you
To bring me here,—oh, I'm all out of breath,
Or else I'd scream and scream myself to death!

SONG.

Hob. I have taken you away,
Far away, far away,
I have taken you away from your Johnny.
Pris. You have taken me away,
But I'm not a-going to stay,

Cho.— { Oh, why have you torn me from my
Johnny?
You bet that I've torn you from your
Johnny!

Hob. And I really can not see,
Dear Priscil! dear Priscil!
Why you can't care more for me than for Johnny!

Pris. Do you think that I could care
For a man who has no hair?

Cho.— { Oh, you can't hold a candle to my
Johnny!
Oh, I wouldn't hold a candle to your
Johnny!

Hob. But perhaps I'll wear a wig,
Dear Priscil! dear Priscil!
But perhaps I'll wear a wig like your Johnny's;

Pris. Yes, you might put on a wig,
But your feet they are so big,

Cho — { That you can't hold a candle to my
Johnny!
Oh, I wouldn't hold a candle to your
Johnny!

Hob. I can wear a smaller shoe,
Dear Priscil! dear Priscil!
I can wear as small a shoe as your Johnny.

Pris. You might wear a No. 2,
Even then you wouldn't do,

Cho — { For you can't hold a candle to my
Johnny!
Oh, I wouldn't hold a candle to your
Johnny!

Hob. I did not think white squaws could be so pert,
My savage feelings are extremely hurt.

I almost wish I'd left her to her John :—

Come, pale-faced maiden, we must now move on.

Pris. I'm almost famished, you great heartless wretch,
I will not stir one step unless you fetch
Some dinner for me :—pork and beans are cheap
I want mamma,— (*weeps.*)

Hob. Ugh!—now she's going to weep :
I'll rob a Plymouth hen-roost ; you may roam
Down yonder shady glen, where is my home ;
I shall return before the shades of night,
And you must make the wigwam fire bright.

Pris. If I could reach your scalp-lock, mighty chief,
I'd make your *wig warm* quite beyond belief ;
Just bear that little warning in your mind,
Most noble savage.

Hob. Young and so unkind ! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Enter JOHN and MILES, R., and MOTHERS at L.

Mrs. M. Oh, Miles, I am so glad you're safe,—

Mrs. A. For shame !

How dare you use the captain's Christian name ?

Mrs. M. Of course, Jemima, *you* would scorn to be
So forward, so indecorously free ;
But I——

Miles. (aside.) As usual quarreling ! (*Enter HOBOMOK and PRISCILLA, R. ; PRISCILLA comes down to JOHN at R., front.*)
My dears, (*to MOTHERS.*)

I'm really in no danger : why these fears ?

Johnny and I are starting for a walk.

(*To JOHN.*) Ain't we ? eh, John ?

Mrs. M. Why interrupt their talk ?

Mrs. A. I'll interrupt the silly pair, forsooth,—(*takes JOHN by sleeve.*)

John, go right home !

Mrs. M. (to MILES.) Can one forget one's youth
So soon?

Mrs. A. (listening) Her voice has a dangerous tone!

Miles. Grant me (*to Mrs. M.*) one moment's interview

(*Mrs. A. comes up, dropping JOHN alone!*)

Mrs. A. Well, if there really ain't another man,
I reckon I must do the best I can;
Rather than let Jemima Mullen jeer
I'll put up with a heathen,—come my dear. (*takes him by the ear.*)

Hob. Me very glad to have such squaw,—although
Me rather let these sweet *end-ear-ments* go!

Mrs. M. He seems to think his courage will be tried.
Dear Miles, I'm glad that you look satisfied.

Mrs. A. A fool could see that he was very far
From being pleased. (*To HOB.*) Why don't you smile?

Hob. (with sober face.) Ha! ha!

(*Enter GLAZIER.*)

SONG.

Oh where, oh where, are those madchens gone!

Oh where, oh where, could they was?

They have treated me queer and have left me here,
And this is the why because.

Cho.—Oh, those madchens, those madchens, naughty
madchens, (*Thrice.*)

And this is the why because.

Away they have gone, though I raised their John:

They just slid away like grease.

And they left behind, in a manner unkind,

This counterfeit fifty-cent piece.

Cho.—Oh, etc.

You may bet ace high, that just bye-and bye,

I'll find where those madchens was.

And I'll levy a tax on their little greenbacks,

Just to show them the why because!

Cho.—Oh, etc.

Glaz. Just look at that! you think dat thing would bring
One cent in any junk shop? hear it ring! (*flings it on stage.*)

Ah, tell me, friends, where was those madchens four?
 You must have seen them 'round this place before!
 I'm ruined else I have more pay than this,—
 Say you, where *was* those maidens?

Hob. (who has been exploring) Dere dey is!

(*Enter MAIDENS mourning.*)

SONG —“ Danube River.”

Oh, Johnny, how could you allow
 That maid our love to sever,
 We're going away this very day,
 To mourn our loss forever.
 Our hopes are floored, that little fraud
 Has foiled our endeavor;
 Our hearts are rent, our money spent,—
 Farewell, dear John, forever.

Glaz. Ah, fraulein, dry those tears,—just trust to me;
 I'll get you married quick enough,—*you see.*

All. And will *you* marry us?

Glaz. You know the law

Will make us all go first out to Utah.

I'll ask your pas: now that the times are hard,
 They may be glad to get you each a pard.

1 *M.* I'll not consent!

2 *M.* Nor I!

3 *M.* I'd rather be

An old maid.

3 *M.* So we would.

Glaz. Let's trust to——

Pris. Me.

Since all good plays, like candles, have their ends,
 Let's snuff this *wicked* one and save our friends
 From being wearied; they've endured so long,
 I'm sure they'd like to hear our parting song.
 (*To audience.*) Just *think* you're satisfied and let it rest,
 We all have tried to do our level best.

(MILES *and* MRS. M. *advance.*)

SONG.

Miles. Jemima is won, my labor is done,
To England we soon shall go.

Mrs. M. But first we'll appear in Paris, my dear,
And order a new *trousseau*. (Retire.)

(MRS. A. *and* HOBOMOK *advance.*)

Mrs. A. Some day I will fetch this Indian wretch
To dance you another jig.

Hob. And then I will float a swallow-tail coat,
And also a larger wig. (Retire.)

(JOHN *and* PRISCILLA *advance.*)

John. Now girls if you find a man to your mind,
Pray don't try his patience too far.

Pris If you want him to speak just turn t'other cheek,
And whisper "go ask mama." (Retire.)

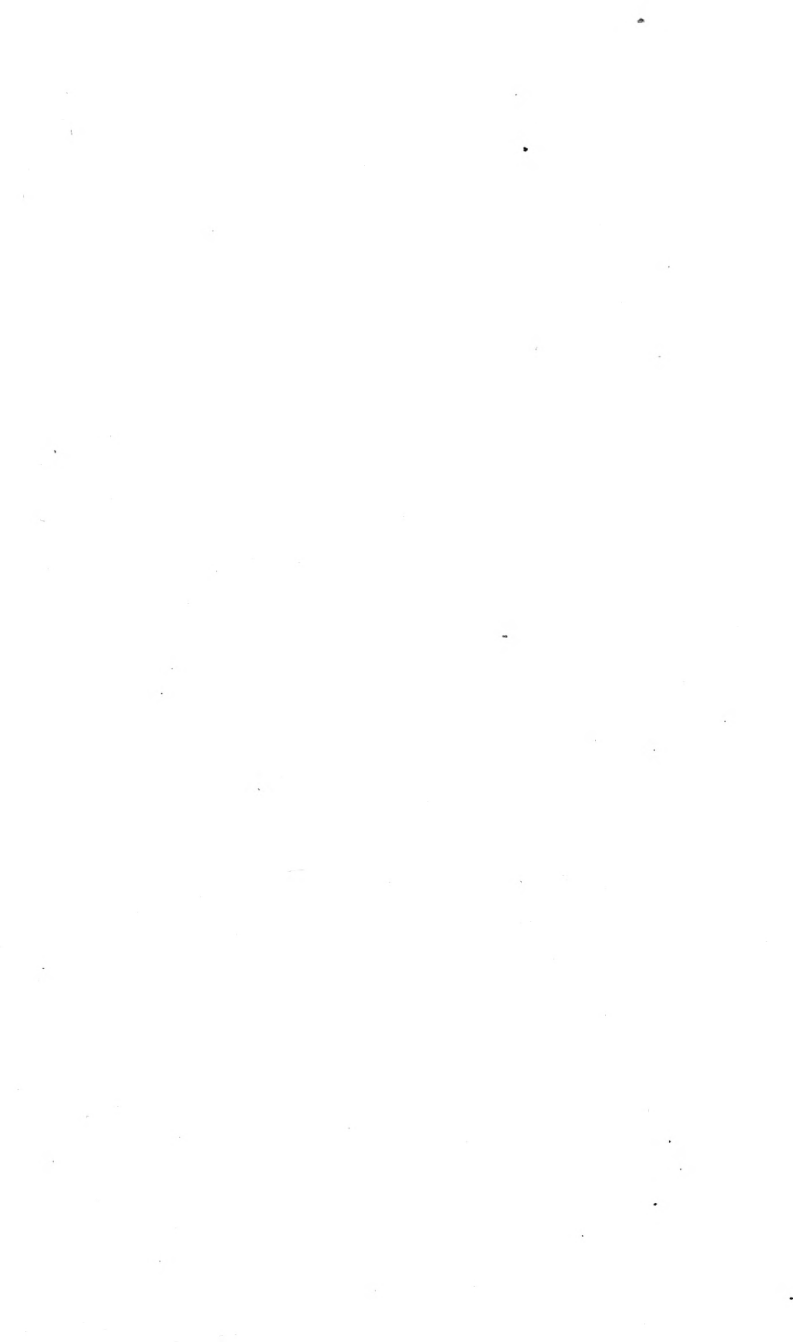
(GLAZIER *advancing with* MAIDENS.)

Maids. We bid you good-bye with a tearful eye,
We're off for the Mormon land.

Glaz. A-coaching we'll go through Colorado,
With a Puritan four-in-hand.

All. Miles Standish' courtship now is o'er,
We can not burlesque any more,
So we bid farewell in a parting song to all,
Before we let the curtain fall.
Fare ye well, we now must leave you,
Do not let our parting grieve you.
Fare ye well, we now must leave you,
Fare ye well !

CURTAIN.





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